

THE INDEX.

ASTORIA NEW MEXICO.

Paul du Chaillet is probably the only living explorer who is familiar with both tropics and the Arctic regions.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.

Professor Loewler, the bacteriologist who has done so much in the study of diphtheria, announces rather guardedly his probable discovery that cancer may be alleviated if not eradicated by inoculating the patient with malaria.

New Zealand has just decided to teach swimming and life saving in its public schools. The Life Saving Society's method having been adopted, two thousand hand-books and charts have been sent by the government for the use of schoolmasters.

The king of Italy is gradually reducing his stud of carriage horses and replacing them by automobiles. The late King Humbert had 280 horses in his stables. This number has now been reduced to 150. His majesty owns ten automobiles—two for himself, one for the queen, and the rest for the members of his suite. The Count of Turin has one automobile but the Duke D'Aosta has four, and has also reduced his stable.

Experiments have been made in Brussels with an automobile lorry which is destined for the Congo Free State. It was loaded with 26 hundred-weight of iron and tested over difficult country, including very heavy and muddy roads. The result was entirely satisfactory. One of these automobiles will replace sixty-five native carriers, and eventually it is hoped that sufficient lorries may be used to dispense with carriers altogether.

A new method for the use of detective and antiquaries is suggested in a recent report on the magnetic survey. One of its exploring parties was able to tell about what year an old town had been laid out by the amount of deflection of its street lines from the true north and south; they knew at what time in the past that had been the variation of the compass in that part of the country, and their surmise as to the age of the town proved correct.

Gold mining in Korea is now assuming considerable importance, especially since an American company, the Oriental Consolidated Mining Company, began working the Wonsan deposits. The company has concession over the richest known gold district in the country. Work at present is confined to the quartz, but it will shortly be commenced on the extensive placer deposits which exist. About seventy foreigners and over 3,000 natives are employed.

The Greatest Woman in History.—At a Missouri teachers' institute not long ago a Miss Vickory received a prize for the originality of her answer to the question, "Who is the greatest woman in history?" Her answer was: "The wife of the Missouri farmer of moderate means, who does her own cooking, washing and ironing, brings up a large family of girls and boys to be useful members of society, and finds time for her own intellectual and moral improvement in the greatest woman in all history."

Of the sixty Cuban school teachers who have begun a two years' course at the New York State Normal School at Newpaltz, Principal Doremus Scudder declares he never had so eager, interesting and congenial a group of pupils. Besides book-learning and the English language, their instruction includes cooking, keeping a house clean and other domestic arts; weaving, carpentry and such practical L. L. L. as will grow out of their home environment; gymnastics to correct their weak muscles and "short wind," and the vital art of amusement for their leisure.

In the old days of the Hudson Bay Company, trade with the Indians was conducted wholly by barter. The standard of value was a beaver-skin, and guns, knives, powder, lead and blankets were exchanged for furs without recourse to coin. In time, however, the trade produced its own currency—a stick or tally known as the "made-beaver." This was issued by the company and accepted for the value of one beaver-skin at any post. Some flavor of the old romance will attach to the new Canadian gold coins to be known as the beaver, the half-beaver and the double-beaver. They will be the counterpart in value of our eagle, half-eagle and double-eagle, the beaver being the "national L. L. L." of Canada as the eagle is of the United States. It is safe to say that interest in these new coins will not be confined to people who care for romance.

One of the largest English banks is making arrangements to open an agency in Kiel, Germany. There is a good deal of trade with England, particularly in coal. Local banks do not offer adequate trading facilities, and none of the Berlin or Hamburg banks are represented there.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Chayler, the venerable preacher of righteousness, says that when little boys bring him an album and ask for his autograph, he always writes: "No man was ever lost in a straight road."

Regarding the nature of the recent drafts of Indian troops, it has been ascertained that the invading British last year, from all causes, of British soldiers in India in their first twelve months' service was 67 per thousand, as against 26 per thousand, the average of the past four seasons.

A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error.

HER SOLDIER BOY



At the open flap of his narrow tent hangs a strip of the midnight skies. Tricked through by a myriad points of light, that flash in his tired eyes; He has waked from a dream of a summer day, and now, with a throb of pain, He pillows his head on his young right arm, and summons the dream again.

A pathway barred by shadow and shine, a glow in the golden west; A song in the rustling leaves overhead, as a bluebird hushes its nest; A slip of a girl in a muslin gown, a cadet in a coat of gray— But the slim little hand he clasps in his is a half of the world away!

Under Dogwood Blossoms.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Not far from Cadiz, on the crooked old Kentucky pike, an ox wagon covered with a dingy sheet overlooked me. A tall man, who looked lazy, sat on a broken chair in front and drove, while back under the cover five tow-heads were stuck out to watch the slowly changing scenery.

Under the shakily rattling vehicle walked a lazy old brindle dog—he could walk nowhere else, being tied to the axle with a rope. A scrub milch cow was tied to the back end of the wagon; the skittles and pans, fastened to the sides of the wagon-bed, rattled and bumped; and buckets and pots swung from the axles beneath, as the wagon slowly passed along the pike.

I dropped from the splotch of shade on a rail fence corner where I had sat for some time, and spoke to the man. "Good morning," he answered. "If you are going our way, hop up and ride." He reached back, got a handy bucket, hopped over, and I sat down beside him.

When I told him my name he said he knew a person in Arkansas by the name of Andy Cobb, but that he was a negro. Then he laughed. He asked me which way I was going, and when I told him I was not particular which way, he said to me: "I've been livin' in Arkansas for a good while, and am on my way to South Carolina to visit my wife's folks."

Noticing the gait of his team, I asked him how long he had been en route, and in an easy manner he replied: "Oh, little the rise of nine weeks."

"When do you expect to get there?" "Kain't tell. Ain't no mor'n half way yet. Who-a boys! Sally you and the brats hold tight back there, for here's another creek. You know what fools these cattle are about water." Then he addressed me, "Ever' creek we come to they break in a run for it."

The steers struck a brisk pace and whee to the bank made a lunge which nearly upset the wagon. After riding a hour with him—in which time we traveled about three miles—I wished them good luck and took the other fork of the road.

True, I was not very particular which way I went, for I had nothing to do. Two months previous I had heard the little town of Shortsville wanted a newspaper, and that being the favorite one of my several vocations, I went to the place and put forth the Weekly Post, with a dusty outfit that had been abandoned some weeks before. In a few issues I found that the people did not want a local paper as bad as they thought they did, so I wound up my business, which



"Something hit the earth," took but a few minutes, and walked out of town and it was only a few mornings later that I was overtaken by the man going to visit his wife's folks.

After leaving Mr. Bots I came to a creek. The banks were pretty with fragrant elder and dogwood blossoms, and birds fluttered over the clear, slowly-moving water, and chattered and chirped in the undergrowth.

I heard the sound of rippling water, and going up-stream found a cool, clear, blue spring which rippled and tumbled over rocks on its way to the creek.

I brushed the old scores and sticks from a soft mossy slant and stretched out to rest.

Through the vibrant hush of the starry night hums the life of a tropic clime, And under the breast of his khaki blouse the heart of the lad beats time. In a land where an endless summer reigns, he dreams of a June gone by—And a wandering wind steals into his tent and carries away a sigh!



A hungry-looking "razor-back" sow with thirteen young pigs, rooting in the dirt and rock, nearly made an unusual lot of noise, and I raised up and found myself still lying on the mossy place by the spring. I had lain there and imagined I would figure in a romance something like the above. If the hogs had allowed me to finish the plot I imagine I would have wound up by me becoming owner of the farm and mill, and several oil wells.

I washed my face in the cool blue water, smoothed over my hair and went with some anxiety to the Buchanan home on the ridge.

There was no sweet girl Fannie, nor even a Mrs. Buchanan—the old man kept "back" on a small pig-washed farm. But I went in, ate a dinner of beans and bacon, and went on off down the pike, very seriously thinking.



"Come on back—" in language unsuitable to reproduce. His head disappeared, his feet came up in the air, and something hit the earth with a dull sound. When I got to the bank he was brushing the dirt and gravel from his shoulder, and when I asked him the trouble, he replied:

"Nothin'. Blasted old mule just tossed me off over her head."

"Tuck Buchanan lives right up there on the ridge," he answered when I asked him where I might find some dinner. He spurred the mule in the flanks with his bare heels, and I watched the spiny little animal pick her way up a rough path, sometimes leading under low branches, which caused the rider to duck his head or push them back.

Again I lay down on the moss. Scents of peach and apple blossoms came to me on the soft, lazy air. A farm-bell clanged somewhere up the creek bottom and was followed by another and another. Plover-mules brayed and hurried toward their rows' end, for ten ears of corn and an hour's rest was coming.

"Don't you want to walk down to the mill? I don't hear it running. I guess that triflin' fellow I've got attendin' to it is piled up in the corn-box asleep as he usually is," said Mr. Buchanan to me the day after I went to his home.

We went to the mill and, as he expected, we found the miller doing in the corn-bush.

"I'd let him go if I had another man. Kit Smith wants the job, but he ain't got any education and couldn't buy wheat or calculate on tolls."

Being well satisfied with the surroundings and desiring to remain in that section, I insisted that Kit Smith, with my assistance, could operate the mill; and in a few days Mr. Smith and I had the job.

Mr. Buchanan was a homely old fellow, his profile at a distance reminding me of the picture of some great old man I had seen in history, and I hardly saw how he could be the father of a girl so pretty and sweet as Miss Fannie.

In a month I was also assistant manager of the big farm, for Mr. Buchanan had decided that the greasy scum on a wet weather spring back in the field was signs of an underground stream of coal oil and was figuring on organizing a stock company to drill.

The smiles and kind words of Miss Fannie gave me a feeling—a delightful thrill—I had never before experienced. A young fellow accompanied her to church one Sunday, and when she returned that night I knew that I loved her. How long since I had been that day without her.

The next night she invited me to the parlor to engage her in a game of solitaire. "Seven-up." We had a pleasant time, and hardly before the hour for a girl so pretty and sweet as Miss Fannie.

THE TIME TO LAUGH.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

He Got the Job—A Desperate Man—Was Precocious—Cause for Action in Interest Diagrams—Funnies—Sympathetic Souls.

FUNNYGRAPHS.
Today—Jennie tells me young Woodby proposed to her last night. Viola—"I don't think I know him. Is he well off?" Today—"He certainly is. She refused him."

Mrs. De Blanks—"No, sir; you can not have my daughter with my consent. I detest you and I wish I could think of some way to make you miserable." Mr. Hicks—"Well, then, why not become my mother-in-law?"

An insignificant little pin in a woman's belt often disturbs a man's mental poise.

"My dear, are you feeling any better?" asked her fond mother. "I dunno," replied Dolly. "Is the jelly all gone?" "Yes, dear." "Well, I think I am well enough to get up now."

Sister Parent—"Are you sure that you can support a family?" His Daughter's Lover—"Well—er—yes, I am—I'm making my calculations on that just yet. I only want the girl, you know."

The youthful lawyer's profession is usually better than his practice.

The Bachelor—"But you should remember the old maxim 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'" The Benedict—"Oh, a man doesn't have any leisure when he's married."

Styles—"When looking through your library while I was waiting, and I found two or three books that belong to me." Whyte—"Oh, that's all right. They'll always be safe with me, you know."

Borrowings—"What are you driving at?" Lenders—"I simply don't want you to forget you owe me \$50." Borrowings—"Don't worry. I expect to remember that to my dying day."

INCORRECT DIAGNOSIS.
He posed as a fortune-teller, and mind-reader, and when he was arrested and taken into a New York court for posting handbills on the street, he explained his vocation to the presiding judge.

"And so you are a mind-reader," said the interpreter of the law. "I wonder if you can read my mind." "Oh, yes," replied the prisoner, apparently believing that a "bluff" would serve his cause as well as anything. "You are of a bright and cheerful disposition. And I can see by the merry twinkle in your mind that you are about to tell me to go home."

"Your diagnosis is not correct," said the judge. "I was merely meditating whether I should make the fine five dollars or ten dollars. I think we will call it five dollars this time."

A DESPERATE MAN.
"No, Gladys McGoogle," he said in his deep and earnest voice, "life without you would be of little use to me."

"Do you mean that you would take the suicide route to escape it?" the fair girl murmured.

"Yes," he answered; "you have guessed it."

"Revolver or rope?"

"Neither."

"Gas, then, or poison?"

He shook his shaggy locks and smiled at her, bade her to go home.

"What then would you do?"

"Gladys," he slowly answered, "if you refuse my love I will take no chances of failure. I have determined to let a malarious mosquito bite me. That fetched her."

HE GOT THE JOB.
Grocer (to applicant for situation)—Are you fond of work?

Boy—No, sir, I ain't.

Grocer—Well, you'd better get on home again. I want a boy that get work.

Grocer—Yes, there are heaps. I've had any amount here this morning.

Boy (doggedly)—How did you know they were?

Grocer—They told me so.

Boy—H'm, so would I if I was as fond of lyin' as they is—but I ain't.

AN UNDATED STATEMENT.
"Yes," said Miss Woodbeemuthin, "my ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock."

While the buzz of admiration and envy went around she added sotto voce, "In 1822."

We should be truthful at all times, no matter whether we shout it from the housetops or not.

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CHANGED HER MIND.

The house was "handy to the street-car line" and in good repair, there were the proper number of closets, and the rental was reasonable, but before coming to terms the house-hunting matron said to the agent:

"It is only fair for me to tell you that we have five boys."

"That won't make any difference, ma'am," he said, with a smile. "You will find big families of boys on both sides of you."

"Oh, then, I don't want the house at all!" she exclaimed. "I want to find a neighborhood where there won't be any boys but mine."

At last accounts she was still hunting.

SYMPATHETIC SOULS.
Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Bertha—Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but really I believe Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times and we never have quarreled—except two or three times when Fred was clearly in the wrong.

WISE PRECAUTION.
The Bachelor—"But you should remember the old maxim 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'" The Benedict—"Oh, a man doesn't have any leisure when he's married."

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THE EFFECT.
Ida—"I see less people have been killed by football this year than ever before."

May—"For goodness' sake, don't let the players overhear you. They would feel ashamed and start in to break the record for brutality."

Not an Ornament.
Myer—"Is it true that Miss Oldham has just inherited half a million?"

Geyer—"It is; and she will need every cent of it in her business."

Chicago's Building Boom.

Workmen are receiving \$3 to 10 cents an hour premium over and above the union scale of wages in several trades in the building industry because of the great demand for their services in keeping pace with the unprecedented building boom in Chicago and throughout the country, says the Chicago Record-Herald. In the mechanical branches all are employed and so many more are wanted that Chicago contractors are securing the country for good men and offering special inducements in the way of wages and accommodations.

As for Chicago, contractors agree that the present building boom eclipses the palmy days of the World's Fair time, and surpasses anything of the kind in the history of the city. Because of the scarcity of good workmen many buildings have been delayed several weeks in their erection. The rush of work of the World's Fair season did not last as long as the present boom.

A Curious Custom.
No document can have the authority of the imperial throne of China unless it bears a red mark placed there by the sovereign. With this seal upon it, the paper becomes official. The genuine Emperor's Stamp must have the Private Die Stamp over the neck of the bottle. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and biliousness, also prevent malaria, fever and ague.

Angry Patron—Look here. This steak is so tough that I haven't been able to bite it yet. I want a rebate for it. Head Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I do not think we can give you a rebate. You might try a rebate, however.

President Roosevelt on Irrigation.
In his message to Congress the President gives abundant evidence that he fully appreciates the needs of the West. Among other valuable suggestions is this: "The policy of the national government should be to aid irrigation in the arid states and territories in such a manner as will enable the people of the local communities to develop their resources." The Roosevelt Irrigation Co. can justify its name in the fact that it has been the pioneer in the development of irrigation in the southern part of Colorado. For full particulars, write to Joseph Chas. Co., 1100 Broadway, Denver, Colo.

Pupil-Teacher is a Louisville man. The doctor says I have enlargement of the heart very bad and any further strain on it may prove immediately fatal.

Little Laughs.
Disclosing a Secret.
"Does your sister ever talk about me?" asked the enamored youth of his best girl's small brother.

"You bet she does," replied the youngster. "I heard her tell me the other day that if your shoes had rollers on them they would make good cradles."

An Explanation.
Maude—"I'm so glad to see that your health has greatly improved."

Clara—"Thank you. My rapid recovery was due to this engagement ring."